

# BOZART

*and*

## Contemporary Verse

*Combining JAPM and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

MAY-JUNE, 1934

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth o'er all the earth,  
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that,  
For a' that an' a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—ROBERT BURNS

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WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, PH.D. . . . . Editor  
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### Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a \$25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

Mrs. E. Bates Block, Town Chairman (Atlanta), Colonial Dames of America, offers a cash prize of \$25.00 for the best sonnet published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. J. B. Francis Hereshoff, an official of the Atlanta Womans Club, and affectionately remembered as Irma Grey Ridley, of Huntsville, Alabama, offers the "Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize" of \$25.00 for the best poem on a tree, or trees, published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Dr. W. F. Shallenberger, of Atlanta, husband of Laura Boyd Shallenberger, nationally known poet, and a dear friend of this editor's Johns Hopkins days—and since, offers a prize of \$25.00 for the best sea poem published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. Harry G. Poole, prominent club woman of Atlanta, and a lover of the arts, offers a prize of \$25.00 for the best lyric published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. This prize is to be known as "The Frank L. Stanton Memorial Prize." The judges are to be nationally known poets.

(For other prizes, see inside of back cover).

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## The Editor's Salon

The editor's promise to discuss, in this issue of **BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE**, "Poems that Depress and Poems that Strengthen" is not forgotten. The paper has been prepared, and will appear July-August; the publication of it is deferred in order that we may reproduce Mark Van Doren's review of T. S. Eliot's **THE USE OF POETRY AND THE USE OF CRITICISM**. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, \$2.00).

This review appeared in the **NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS**, under the title, "Shall We Be Saved by Poetry?"

T. S. Eliot, as we all know, delivered the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard, 1932-1933; and these lectures comprise "Studies in the Relation of Criticism to Poetry in England." Mark Van Doren, as we also know, is a poet and the author of "The Autobiography of America," "An Anthology of World Poetry," etc. Here follows his review:

These eight lectures are the ones which Mr. Eliot has chosen to preserve out of the many he must have delivered in the United States last winter. They group themselves about a theme which interests him because of its bearing upon the contemporary critical situation. Indeed, they admit of even a narrower description. They are in effect an answer to, or at any rate a comment upon, the well known assertion of Mr. I. A. Richards that our civilization, which is rapidly sliding toward "a mental chaos such as man has never experienced," may yet—nay, must—be "saved" by poetry. For all the respect which Mr. Eliot insists he has for Mr. Richards, the assertion is to him nothing but nonsense. And his lectures as printed represent an attempt to say why it is nonsense.

(Continued on page thirty-nine)



MARIA BRISCOE CROKER,  
MARYLAND.





## Sea-Ritual

Each day as twilight pales  
Into shadows twisted by the tide  
Rippling and curving from rock to reef,  
She climbs the boulder and waits—  
    Listens and waits by the murmuring sea,  
    Murmuring yet heeding the moon's decree.  
Above the tide's resounding roar,  
A fog-bell, deep-toned and resonant, tolls—  
    Angelus for waves that lift white hands  
    To a vesper star above where she stands.  
But not till pilgrim stars  
Begin to cross the blue oblivion  
And the constant taper from a lighthouse tower  
Crowns the altar-beam,  
Does she, unburdened of her hope,  
Descend the steep, wild cliffs  
Down through the rock-hugged cove,  
    Where, kneeling, she must know  
    Reality's dark undertow.

*Alabama*

—MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO

## Variable

Men have sworn to be constant  
as the motion  
of the wind  
on the ocean;  
and those same men have cursed  
the wind's inconstancy  
when ships they sailed have been  
becalmed at sea.

*California*

—ANGELENE DENN

## Mist in the Square

The years are like the misty square at night  
 With golden lamps that beckon from afar.  
 The cello winds reveal no moon, no star  
 To glimmer down upon their harried flight.  
 And yet I know where avenues are bright  
 That gladness bubbles in a samovar,  
 And I have learned where calm and beauty are,  
 Transparent in the maze of dark and light.

If there is mist upon the leafless boughs,  
 The dampness is so radiant in the beam  
 Of shining globes, my heart would never break,  
 With friends like arc lights, for their wordless vows  
 Have formed like gold-misted haloes where they gleam.  
 Tears are like fog, reflecting light they make.

*District of Columbia*

—DIANA KEARNEY POWELL

## Creed

Wind and tide  
 And warm southern earth. . .  
 Can weave a creed of  
 Priceless worth.

Wind and tide  
 And a drift of cloud. . .  
 Can make a lone heart  
 Sing aloud.

Wind and tide  
 And a lime-green sea. . .  
 Can bring God's heaven  
 Close to me.

*Florida*

—JESSIE MCINTOSH BROWN



## Ad Amicos Meos

### *Love Would Not Let Me Go*

I heard the boatman singing on the river Styx;  
The night was dark; the stars like dying candle-wicks.  
Low tides were softly lapping on some distant sea,  
As Charon turned his prow a straight swift course to me;  
“A host of friends,” he said, “whom I have ferried o’er,  
Tonight are waiting for you on the other shore,  
Eager to greet you and explain so many things  
That you have longed to know,—so many questionings.”  
Voices which I had not heard for years, and row  
On row of faces lured me till I wished to go.

Then you came trooping to me with your simple gifts  
Of love and beauty,—beauty riotous in drifts  
Of dahlias, asters, zinnias, cosmos, roses,—each  
Perfection’s masterpiece which only God can reach.  
And now a symphony of color—music I  
Had never heard before filled earth and sea and sky.  
“I will not go.” Surprised, the grisled pilot cried:  
“Repulsed! I leave you then; you have the gods defied.”  
And angrily he wheeled his age-old boat and steered  
For other ports, while you stood on the bank and cheered.

*Kentucky*

—COTTON NOE

## Far Fields

I think in heaven I’ll find broad fields of hay,  
New-mown, dew-fragrant at the dawn of day.  
And if at dusk some shall ungarnered lie,  
Stacked in soft mounds beneath the purpled sky,  
I hope small folks at hide and seek will play—  
And bear me echoes of my earthly day.

*Ohio*

—JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

## Drums

Through tropic twilight's blurring violet,  
Thick and velvet-soft, which holds the silence close enwrapped,  
There comes a sound to stab the woven fabric of the night  
And pierce the ether, just as stars break through the blue  
And show their jagged fire. . . . the drums of Africa  
Communicate day's varied happenings.

The quick, staccato notes are caught and carried on  
From hut to camp, from plain to mountain-top;  
They are as gossipers whose rasping tones  
Deal out dark news . . . a fight . . . a call to arms,  
A voodoo dance . . . a gory hunt . . . strange conjure talk,  
Sickness and death in jungle fastnesses.  
They throb like dripping blood on desert sands;  
They boom and whine, or moan intolerably,  
Decrease and swell again with breathless, ghostly pause,  
Until the night, as would some giant shell,  
Becomes alive and vibrant with their shuddering.

So listening, one hears the drums of life—  
Fierce drums of war, hate, strife and greed;  
The shivering pulse of fear; the slow, sad beat  
That sobs of pain and lonely grief . . . .  
But through this medly of strange sounds  
The waiting heart still hears the heaven-drums,  
The steady, rhythmic beat of love's undying melody.

*Alabama*

—EDITH TATUM

## The Dark Flower

The stars cluster like silver bees  
On the dark flower of infinity.

*California*

—GIEN ESSE

## Sonnet

It is not meant or purposed man should cling  
To this dark earth forever—there's a way  
Unscathed—a bright-heeled Hermes—he may wing  
His swift way upward to a fuller day;  
One moment wrapped in splendor—gemmed with flame,  
Shall for the shadows of the past atone,  
And leave him never after quite the same,  
But plunged in dreamy visions all his own;  
Beauty's bright shadow may beside him stalk;  
Love—a rich painting—shall forever guild  
The fair walls of his fancy—he shall walk  
Along white highways with his dreams fulfilled;  
Holding the memory of a moment's power  
As gleaming flambeau for a darker hour.

*Texas*

—CLARE MACDERMOTT

## Silence

I know a secret garden  
Behind a sunny wall,  
With calm and stately flowers,  
And silence over all.

I know a secret garden—  
As silent as can be—  
Where happy memories linger  
To pass an hour with me.

I know a secret garden  
Where virgin willows nod;  
And I find within their shadow,  
A silence which is God.

*Iowa*

—ELENORE LEE WHITE



## Lips of the Morning

Here where the butterflies trample in caravans laden with  
gold  
Summers have sunk into silence and winters have wandered  
away,  
Muttering much of their age and their hail-jewels lost in the  
cold;  
Springs have been awful with music, and autumns have mur-  
mured a day.

Only the spiders that kneel in their tremulous tempels of silk,  
Only the ants in the sun, and the bumble bees wanting a rhyme,  
Only the wan waterlilies that sprawl on their islands of milk,  
Press their hot lips to the morning's and laugh on the bosom  
of time.

Man has been mated with moaning; he clings to a finger of  
wind,  
Fearing the worship of rapture to which there shall be no re-  
turning,  
Knowing it is not his own, with the evening of death in his  
mind  
Dark on the bountiful lands where the bonfires of roses are  
burning.

But on the day when the roses shall smoulder to ash in his  
eyes,  
When all his envy of ants and the light and the lilies is past,  
Time shall be sweetened with triumph, be still in her tender  
surprise,  
Feeling her one laggard lover asleep on her shoulder at last.

*Georgia*

—JAMES E. WARREN, JR.

## Wings

Oh, tender Guardian of all wingéd things,—  
Of jeweled moth that shares a Stygian sky  
With firefly whose jocund journeyings  
Like incandescent shuttles tease the eye;  
Of ardent finch and sun-shot oriole,  
Of wayward thistledown and honey bee,  
Of dandylion blown on linden knoll  
Where flying keys fulfill their destiny,

Take heed of us whose silken wings as yet  
Lie folded in the darkness of the heart:  
We dream of flight, and then the dream forget.  
Now rend with pain our crysalids apart,  
Unfurl to fan the golden air of heaven  
These wings of ours upon Thy ethers seven!

*New York*

—WINIFRED ADAMS BURR

## The Tear Vase

Tall sombre urns of onyx laced with gold  
Were placed by slaves in fragrant summer hours  
Upon a latticed terrace by the sea  
Where lovers fingered gay, exotic flowers.  
And when the mistral wind blew coldly through  
The brush of fallen leaves and withered figs,  
The autumn birds winged by with plaintive cries,  
And weary footsteps snapped the brittle twigs;—  
The cold, moon-silvered vases brimmed with tears,  
The distillate of women's lonely years.

*California*

—FRANCES ELLIOTT

## Thirst

Beside the music of the burbling stream  
Birds cease their song to sip the waters cool;  
The willows sway like some forgotten dream  
And seek with thirsty roots the darkening pool  
Where faint reflection of the sweet-flag shows  
In deeper purple its own brighter blue.  
Stealing through the brush the lone hart goes  
To lave his hot tongue in the soothing brew.

So, as he scents the slaking stream afar  
His head lifts higher as he nears his goal,  
May I, too, raise my eyes to seek my star  
Till the sweet water-brooks refresh my soul.

*Connecticut*

—MARGARET MORRIS MILLS

## When Night Grows Tall

The slanting boughs of gold are gone,  
The clinging copper bark;  
The flaming green from leaves withdrawn,  
Now all the trees are dark;  
And they are darker than the sky.

Soon will the windows' yellow light  
Plunge squarely on the night.

Then we will gladly home, for night is high,  
And we are very, very small  
Beneath the pressing sky.

*Nebraska*

—KEITH THOMAS



## Engineers

As my two sons chat, swapping pleasantries,  
I sit and listen with adoring eyes.  
I catch their slang, their chaff, their hectoring,  
But business talk—well, that's another thing.  
They lightly toss strange terms about, the dears,  
As children toss a handball. Engineers  
They are, the two, and each with two degrees,  
Handling their chosen jobs with expert ease.  
They write equations, speak of stresses, tension,  
Sanskrit to me—far past my comprehension.

And what's the odds since I could puzzle them  
With catchwords of my craft? But that they stem  
From me, a dreamer, rhymester, scatterbrain,  
These masters of gears, figures, theorem,  
Resistance, levers, valves, machine design!  
How can they love their work as I love mine?  
Ah well—by diverse trails our goals we gain—  
One writes, one builds, one preaches, one invents—  
How rich the world with varying temperaments!  
These lads plan structures, wise in steel and plaster;—  
My slender airy towers of words climb faster!  
While their speech is beyond the utmost tactile  
Projection of my brain stuff, that's no matter—  
They're struck dumb when I start poetic patter,  
They do not know a spondee from a dactyl!

Though I've no notion what they're talking of,  
Strong are the ancient ties of blood and love.  
And so I sit and watch them through proud tears—  
Those stalwart youths, my changelings, engineers.

*California*

—JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

## Epitaph For A Poet

To you who meet disaster face to face,  
Nor beat your breast for some imagined wrong;  
Who are at home amidst Earth's commonplace,  
Nor seek escape in some dark crypt of song,—  
To you this is addressed, that you may know  
He was an alien here, and never meant  
For dull realities: the after-glow  
Of other stars would grant him no content.

And when you come to write his epitaph  
Upon the sands, or carve it on a stone,  
It will require no lengthy paragraph,—  
Write this one line, and let it stand alone:  
Say that he lived: by Art was crucified—  
Just this . . . there will be little else beside.

*Georgia*

—CORA-PAXTON STEWART

## Rainy Day

Beside my window casement clings  
A butterfly with rain-drenched wings.

To me small matter if it rain—  
Tomorrow brings the sun again;

But if my life were one brief day  
And all my sky was sodden gray

And cold rain fell unceasingly—  
What could amend the tragedy!

Beside my window casement clings  
A butterfly with rain-drenched wings.

*Ohio*

—B. Y. WILLIAMS

## Benediction

The moon is fair tonight, and on the beach  
With calm, unhurried roll the waves wash in.  
Now from the grassy bluff cicada's thin  
Metallic pipe comes sharply to impeach  
The silence. Pines whose giant figures reach  
In silent veneration now begin  
Restrained murmur, as though discipline  
Had made them grandly dignified in speech.

God need not make a spot more sweet than this;  
Nor need compose more tranquil harmony.  
With Nature bearing peace, I do not miss  
The close communion of humanity;  
But in this holy night, I seek the bliss  
Of storing calm for troublous days to be.

*Michigan*

—RUTH GENEVIEVE VAN HORNE

## Twilight

In the twilight lurks the shadow  
Of all beauty swiftly caught;  
Drawn into the purple evening  
Slowly deepening skies have wrought.

Trees have stabbed the heavy skyline;  
Pinned it in their smoky hair.  
Beauty too is caught and tethered  
For their grace to proudly wear.

Twilight quickens into darkness.  
Sharp outlined is one pine tree.  
Streets are blind with night; and beauty  
Is a star, escaped and free!

*Indiana*

—HARRIET SCOTT OLINICK



## Mission

Trudging down a silved bed  
 Stretched for many miles ahead,  
 Volcanic ash and alkali  
 In chowdered dust arose to fly  
 From little putts where grimy feet  
 In rhythm made the still day sweet  
 With gentle sound. A meadow lark,  
 Swooping with unerring mark,  
 Shook a song into the sky  
 In answer to a boy's still why;  
 And listened for the notes to drop  
 Right beside him with a plop.  
 Glancing sunbeams down the road  
 Formed a halo there which flowed  
 'Round and 'round the gilded box,  
 Dancing by the pile of rocks  
 Holding firmly in it's place  
 A weathered post with fretted lace  
 Of shadows from a tall, gold flower  
 Rising regal as a tower  
 By the mail box on the post,  
 Sharing honors with the host  
 When a ragged, barefoot lad  
 Came to get the mail for Dad.

*Idaho*

—MILDRED HOLMAN MELTON

## Joy's Temerity

Sorrow cannot so fill  
 The soul's threshold,  
 But that some timid joy  
 Strangely made bold  
 Will stride the shadowed sill!

*California*

—MAUD RENE PRINCEHOUSE

## A Psalm in Stone

(*Belmont Abbey*)

This tranquil abbey,  
standing in the cool, long grass  
like a tall, white-robed priest,  
sings its hallowed Mass.

I learned its secret  
when around its pillars strong  
ancient tunes went whispering—  
it was built with song!

The Psalms of David  
round the holy ground were sown  
and the abbey sprang up  
like a psalm in stone.

The songs of builders  
in the rising stones were caught,  
for their faith was fervent—  
to this home they brought

Their hearts' full worship  
for their Lord and God alone;  
now their abbey stands a  
lovely psalm in stone.

*North Carolina*

—DOM PLACID

## Cinquain

The stars  
Are but sequins  
Upon the moon's wide sleeve  
As graciously she bids the world  
Goodnight.

*Arizona*

—IRMA W. ORR

## Under the Mimosa

Sun-drenched patio, moss-dripping fountain  
 Booted and spurred, with belted machete,  
 Stands a brave Caballero.  
 He lifts not his glance to my grille,  
 To me, wan captured dove!  
 Mimosa sheds feathery gold  
 On the dark of his proud head.  
 I am jealous of the golden tree,  
 She dares to show her love.

Soon he will go over the mountain,  
 I, never to know his fate;  
 My blooms but shadows on his hair,  
 Oh, to follow where he will rove!  
 Mimosa's kiss is on young and old,  
 She will not wither when all are shed.  
 Ever a golden, wanton tree.  
 I am not jealous of the Mimosa,  
 I will sing and dream of love.

*California*

—ETHEL CASKEY

## Triolet

In the jungle's humid lair  
 Tropic growth is rich in blooming;  
 Matted vines and maidenhair  
 In the jungle's humid lair  
 Meet and pass on leafy stair.  
 Mid the orchid's rich perfuming  
 In the jungle's humid lair,  
 Tropic growth is rich in blooming.

*Florida*

—MARY BEALE CARR



## What of the Rose

What of the rose? When mind's hard clarity  
Has answered how, and why, and whence,—again  
I ask,—what of the rose? No rarity  
Of thought can its sweet loveliness explain  
Or trace the wonder of its history;  
No mind may pierce its process when the rain  
Surrenders to the sun its mystery  
Of scent and color on the hill and plain.  
Lovers of old and in this modern time  
Who lift the veil a moment as you love,—  
Is there not language in this flower sublime  
Enough that hope may yet immortal prove?  
Yours is a wisdom science never knows  
Told to the heart, and regnant in the rose!

*Minnesota*

—HAZEL BARRINGTON SELBY

## Procession

Up the mountains toward the sun-path  
—Crested line on crested line!  
Thudding drums and trumpets sounding!—  
March the spruce trees and the pine.

Down the mountain toward the valley  
—Ladies coming out of church,  
Veils of gold-green laces stirring—  
Move the maples and the birch.

Half between the sun and valley,  
Swirling skirts most misty white,  
To harpsichords and flutes of fairies,  
Dance the dogwood day and night.

*Kansas*

—ESTHER LOLITA HOLCOMB

## Millenium

Over on the other side of the hill  
 Stood a big tree, a massive chestnut-oak  
 That dropped its acorns for the hungry squirrels.  
 And one day it seemed to say, as it swayed  
 Ever so gently: "I am not afraid  
 Of the wind that tears my branches and whirls  
 Off my leaves; not of the fierce rains that soak  
 Down to my roots and give the earth its fill.

"The wind breaks my arms,  
 But I do not care;  
 The rain warms my feet  
 And glistens my hair.

"Sometimes, though, when I look across the sky  
 And see great fires shooting through the dark,  
 I am cold and afraid, and then I shake  
 Helplessly, and quiver with dreadful fear.  
 And once when an old man was standing  
 near,  
 Holding a sharpened iron on a stake,  
 And once when I saw blaze a far-off spark,  
 I trembled so I thought that I should die.

"O sharp rodent nails, come and claw my fears!  
 Climb up my rough-barked height;  
 Scratch, and gnaw, and bite!  
 And I will drop you acorns for a thousand years!"

*District of Columbia*

—PAUL H. OEHSER

## Woodman

Sharp in the forest rings the crack  
 Of his broadaxe keen, as he  
 Severs in one destructive hour  
 The bond of a century!

*New Hampshire*

—FRANK E. PALMER

## There Is No Cold

When winter rides a white horse over  
 The ivory acres of the hills,  
 Across imprisoned fields of clover,  
 And beds of frost-sheathed daffodils,

The heart is warmed to summer temper  
 That visions now the golden fruit  
 Spilled in the furrows of September  
 And crushed beneath a lighter foot.

When Venus hangs a saffron lantern  
 Upon the blackened architrave,  
 When swift Auroras reach to Saturn  
 Across the blue, magnetic wave,

The ichor flows with deeper ardor  
 That once was laved in purple grape,  
 That idled in a moon-lit arbor  
 Where lustrous prisms let wine escape,

Pile on the hearth the fragrant branches,  
 The yellow harvests of the land,  
 There is no cold in ice-tipped lances  
 For those who hold a flame in hand.

*New York*

—JOSEPHINE LOUISE BYRNE

## Simplicity

I would not court the power of fools  
 To sit upon a throne,  
     For happiness is tangible  
 And I would reign alone;  
     But let me dwell, a simple soul,  
 And mingle with the throng  
     That laughs and cries, with changing fate,  
 In never ending song.

*Georgia*

—MILDRED PRICE

## Tears

They wonder that I weep so gently now,—  
They who stood by in pity and with yearning  
While waves of desolation black and burning  
Swept through and through me, 'as the hot winds plough  
Their devastating way through fields of corn,  
Searing the green young shoots, and reaching down,  
Twist out their hearts, leaving the field forlorn,  
That was a living green, now desolately brown.

But weathers change, and Time's a patient giver  
Of balm to human hearts, and fields of grain.  
The rain at sundown heals the fevered quiver  
Of storm-wracked plants, and brings them hope again.  
These beautiful bright tears! They fill my eyes  
With rainbow spectacles, to see fresh skies.

*California*

—DORA E. BIRCHARD

## Apple Blossoms

The apple blossoms are full blown,  
And petals, drifting down,  
Make simple patterns, pink and white,  
Against the orchard brown.

I do not ask that loveliness  
Shall burn me like a fire;  
For beauty that would hurt my heart  
I've long since lost desire.

But God, my very heart and soul,  
Through all my days shall be,  
Reminded of the beauty that  
You gave an apple tree.

*Georgia*

—ELLIS ATKISSON McDONALD



## Plantation

The ones who sold it never said one word  
About the cool, green silence of the creek;  
Or that the questioning Bob-White was heard  
When evening fell, as one who goes to seek  
Lost friends among the scarlet trumpet vines.  
They never thought to tell that week on week,  
The south wind whispered secrets to the pines . . . .  
One low place in the road lured butterflies,  
Whose bright confusion made frail, tangled lines  
Of yellow sparks that dart in glad surprise.  
Wee, blue ones like small chips of Heaven's dome,  
And others, myriad as Argus' eyes.  
And I, who came to call this farm my home,  
Found beauty springing from its sandy loam.

*Alabama*

—BESS STOUT LAMBERT

## Rain

Like typists tapping aerial keys,  
The rain strikes my umbrella.  
It makes me think of fairy things,  
Aladdin, Cinderella,  
Of nymphs, of dryads, dancing fauns,  
Of pygmies slaying giants.  
I try to read its magic tale;  
It only smiles defiance.  
Such cryptic messages it prints  
On every stone and tree!  
It brings sky-wisdom from afar,  
But I must find the key.

*New York*

—GEORGIA HARKNESS

## To Bok's Singing Tower

Singing bells make such a lovely tomb,  
Instantly they banish thoughts of gloom,  
Nesting birds are happy in this tower  
Gliding skyward like a slender flower.  
Imperative the eager urge for prayer,  
Night comes tripping down the silver stair,  
Gaily wearing roses in her hair.

Tunes that are too beautiful to sleep,  
Octaves that the fairies can not keep,  
Wake the grove to sweet expectancy,  
Eastward moves this chiming melody,  
Rising like the anthem of the sea.

*Pennsylvania*

—GEORGINA BOLE KING

## Cataclysm

It will take more than these thin blue days  
And the sun-loosened breath  
Of lilacs and colour-blurred hyacinths,  
To make me forget death  
Shadowing out of the long rains.  
Behind the earth-glow, dusk remains.

It will take more than the sudden hush  
Of orchards in ephemeral white,  
Or sodden fields plowed under, to restore  
The radiance of sight.  
Against the long wild sadness of the dark,  
Spring is too faint, too fugitive a spark.

*Oregon*

—IRIS LORA THORPE

## Discovery

I lay as in a distant birth  
Among the twinkling lanes of night  
That drew me from the heavy earth  
To soar in grand, unending flight.  
I felt my utter being merge  
With vast, unmeasured fields of space;  
It seemed that I had crossed a verge  
Of some resplendent realm to face  
Gigantic waves of time that flowed  
By flashing shores of jewel flame  
Until—with sense of outer cold,  
And suddenly—I called your name.  
Your darkly rose upon my gaze  
And came, unquestioning and fond:  
Your form engulfed the starry haze—  
Was more than all the worlds beyond!

*Nova Scotia*

—ALAN B. CREIGHTON

## The Stars Laugh Last

Star-proof  
Our Brother Oak  
Has built his leafy roof,  
Where countless tiny woodland guests  
Find nests.

Red scars  
Run down the trunk  
While Thunder growls and jars  
And all those hidden homes lie bare  
To stars.

*New Hampshire*

—CLARIBEL W. AVERY

## While Gulls Take Wing

Beside the water, sternly browed in pine,  
 I have grown old while waves upheave and break  
 Upon the rocks, or flow in rippling line.  
 Hearing the somber words of wind and lake;  
 Month on month—seeing the snow-mist fall;  
 I have grown old with summer calm, while loon  
 And bittern wail; while herons loudly call,  
 And gulls take wing from ragged ledge, and croon.

At dusk, when tides have stilled each ebbing crest,  
 And dimmed its offering of beaded light;  
 About me surges all the warmth of rest—  
 A waiting glow that stars unceasing night.  
 Let eyes that have grown old in watching earth  
 Quietly sleep within its wave-tossed girth.

*Ohio*

—CELIA DIMMETTE

## New Wealth

The World's "new rich," not in its streets  
 Of tinsel tawdriness,  
 But where the rustic wood-paths climb  
 To meet Young Spring's caress.

A thousand little valley heads  
 Are smiling at the sky,  
 A thousand epic melodies  
 Chime, as the winds go by.

Smallest and lowest things  
 Speak of their joyous birth,  
 And purple violets are the hems  
 Of God's robes, touching earth.

*Tennessee*

—ALICE CATHEY



## City Walls My Prison Make

How coldly the sun gleams on these city walls,  
These dusty streets, on the drab walkers  
Hurrying, jostling along the pavements,  
The droves of cars, creating nauseous fumes.  
And those pigeons, so aimlessly stalking. . . .  
The pigeon, city bred, especially taunts me.

Shall I never hear the nightingale's song,  
The hoot of an owl in forest's silence,  
Or watch the dawn's rising  
Over the curve of a hill?

To lie in deep grasses swaying in gentle breeze,  
Savouring, drinking the sun's warm caress,  
The scents of clover deeply breathed. . .  
For this my being cries . . . escape!

*California*

—ELIZABETH JACQUE

## Lullaby

What shall I use for a lullaby?  
The sound of the west wind calling,  
Or the glimmer of moonbeams playing tag  
Where a silvered hush is falling?

Humming the songs of yesterday,  
Or the chant of an onward surging;  
The narrowed lilt of a valley brook,  
Or the roar of the seas converging?

Then what shall I sing for a lullaby?  
Blared music of martial tramping,  
Or tune to the stars where harmony dwells  
And angels of peace are camping?

*Texas*

—TYRA HAISLEY

## Stillness

I dream along a weed-grown path, in quest—  
 A stranger on an old familiar way.  
 The sun serenely smoothes the meadow's breast,  
 And musingly withdraws the soul of day.  
 A worldless twilight half in doubt descends,  
 And blurs the branches of a slim birch tree  
 Into the outstretched arms of boyhood friends.  
 Across dim fields young voices welcome me.  
 The quail fly from the tall grass at my feet,  
 In whirlwind panic from their early sleep.  
 The nearness of the coming night grows sweet.  
 (The voice of God must be as still . . . as deep.)

The Evening Star grows bright above a lane  
 To light a homeless stranger home again.

*Connecticut*

—ETHEL HUNT THEIS

## Summons to Song

Let not too deep an interval elapse  
 Between the need of singing and the song;  
 Too soon, beyond the ultimate Perhaps,  
 Silence is thick, and loneliness is long.

In realms forsaken, where no shadow moves,  
 Old sorrow mourns among her orphan tears,  
 Reviving anguish of forgotten loves,  
 Forever grieving the frustrated years.

Ere birds are voiceless and the wind is still,  
 Let us make music—let joy's anthem ring!  
 Now while the heart is eager for life's thrill,  
 Yield all to rapture—even suffering!

*New Jersey*

—CARL JOHN BOSTLEMAN

## Catafalque

Lost souls have wandered through this corridor  
Whose sexless bodies glow with thin, blue light  
At night;  
Whose veins long to re-echo with the roar  
Of mad, red blood. Behind, before,  
The wraiths insinuate themselves in feigned delight  
Of their synthetic life. No tears ease their despair, no bright  
False hopes break the tranquility of their eternal night.

*Alabama*

—JOY HEARN

## Nocturne For Silver Bells

I love the month of roses,  
Its bud that blooms and closes  
And in a dream reposes.  
You are the spring.

I love the laughter of the rain  
Peeling down and back again  
In prayer and revelry and pain.  
The rain is you.

I love the wind that comes to blow  
In sound of water's ebb and flow  
What mystery we do not know.  
You are the wind.

The sun I loved, but now instead  
I love what moon floats overhead—  
Its dream I clasp upon my bed.  
The dream is you.

*Illinois.*

—HAROLD KERR

## The Serenader

A moody stranger-lad there is,  
Goes by my house at night—  
And though I listen for his voice,  
I know him not, by sight.  
His song comes drifting through my dreams  
In summer, languorous and sweet,  
And when the dark grows long and keen,  
He whistles in a livelier beat.  
Who is he, that is not too proud  
To spread abroad his moaning, low,  
And sometimes, strident-voiced and loud,  
Go crying through the whirling snow?  
I wake to see horizon light  
Go stealing up the sky,  
To where, like spilled confetti,  
A few stars hang awry;  
I hear my faithful troubadour  
Beneath my window go,  
And in the silver hour of dawn  
Speak passionate and low.  
I wake, and listening, smile, content  
That to other folk less knowing,  
The strange wild lover who speaks to me  
Is only the night wind, blowing.

*New York*

—RUTH TRACY MILLARD

## Retreat

The bugle flings its last soft cry  
At sunset time to the starlit sky.  
The colors flutter down the mast,  
And twilight deepens. The day is past.

*Tennessee*

—WILLIAM PATTERSON



## The Silver Joshua

The whitened moon-hushed spaces lie  
In pools of silence, left to die  
By Sun gods of another day;

And etched upon the silver gauze  
Of night, is one that knows no pause  
Of time when sand-gods pray.

He stands with arms upheld in plea  
Of all who seek the mystery  
Of magic of a moon-witched ray;

In supplication with the night  
He visions peace within the light  
Of a silvery desert day.

*California*

—MARGARET SCOTT COPELAND

## My Tree Has Found A Song

Unskilled in language all trees know,  
My tree was silent for so long  
I feared it might not learn to speak  
Like other trees or find a song;

But while I gossiped with a bee  
Today where sweet alyssum grew,  
A little wind shook out a sound  
Of sudden syllables I knew.

I rose in courtesy to greet  
My tree whose first word was for me,  
My tree that like all other trees  
Had found its song and psaltery.

*California*

—IRENE WILDE

## No Fault of Mine

The dark tide creeps upon the shore;  
Its glistening waves idly erase  
The spiralled sands. One moment more  
The spray's moist breath will touch my face,  
And I shall find the pungent dart  
Of heedless waves against my feet.  
I stand and watch. The tide's a heart,  
A throbbing heart. I see it beat.

From my own heart, a prisoned sea  
That swells and falls, flows a dark tide.  
Ascending waves recurrently  
Touch you, a watcher by my side.  
It is no bitter fault of mine,  
That you, unmindful of retreat,  
Shall feel that tide, quickening as wine,  
Unconsciously caress your feet.

*Texas*

—RUTH AVERITTE

## Contemplation

When I go out at night, alone  
To visit with the stars,  
They let their ladders down to me  
That I may climb up easily.

I wander up and down the lanes  
Dim-lighted by God's worlds  
My spirit roams, unfettered, free,  
And I am one with Infinity.

From this vastness I look down  
Upon my little life,  
And smile to see how very small  
My own affairs are, after all.

*Georgia*

—GRACE WOODWARD HOWARD

## Lilacs

"I must gather the lilacs,"  
Reads the letter from home—  
Office floor and carpet  
Turn to garden loam;  
Desk and file and bookshelf  
Sway to an April breeze,  
Changed by a moment's magic  
To April flowering trees.  
Heart-shaped leaves and trusses  
Of rose-tipped purple bloom  
Kiss the cheek of the one who reads  
In an arbor of sun-flecked gloom.  
Heavy, spicy fragrance,  
Ardent, though cool with dew,  
Drenches the brain of the home-sick one—  
She is gathering lilacs too.

*Virginia*

—ELIZABETH NEWMAN

## When Stars Hang Low

I find relief from sorrow,  
When winds at sea  
Have swept away the drifting fog  
And let a ship go free.  
  
And sadness is forgotten  
When stars hang low,  
And all the world is moon-drenched,  
Above—below.  
  
For then I feel that somewhere,  
Beyond the silver crest,  
With you I shall have joy again,  
And love—and rest.

*California*

—EUGENIA T. FINN

## Bell-Metal

Bronze is the metal of the truly great.  
 Watching their lives, I learn this vital thing:  
 When they are battered by the blows of fate,  
 They do not yield. They ring.  
 The stroke awakes the soul. It answers well.  
 Atone thy destiny. Be thou a bell.

*Pennsylvania*

—MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

## Minx

This tall plane tree  
 Is a lovely thing  
 Particularly  
 Now, in spring.

Her nakedness  
 She hides with leaves  
 Made into a dress  
 With wide, wide sleeves.

At night, the troll  
 Wears a velvet gown,  
 Blacker than coal,  
 Softer than down.

The twisty crewels  
 Of the Milky Way  
 She wears for jewels  
 In dusty spray.

Reckless, she plumbs  
 Night's perilous plush.  
 When morning comes  
 She's first to blush.

*Maryland*

—HELEN C. ROBINSON



## Ancient Hemlocks

Six gaunt hemlocks in a row,  
Planted there long years ago  
As a strong windbreak to fend  
From the house the bleak west wind.

Though the house has turned to dust,  
There they stand in dauntless trust;  
Sentinels so grim and tall  
By a crumbling cellar wall.

*Vermont*

—LUTHERA F. GREENE

## God's Skeleton

On the trail an incense  
Cedar stood,  
Lordly and graceful,  
Green and good,

Till the blaze that one  
Unwitting set  
Turned the canyon  
Wall to jet.

I in that place  
Had come to see  
God's face looking  
From the tree,

But when the work  
Of flame was done,  
Before me stood  
God's skeleton.

*Arkansas*

—MARGARET R. RICHTER

## Latria

Recessional of day across the prairie,  
 hushed rustle of Earth-spawn kneeling to the final altar;  
 Wind quietly withdraws, leaving the myriad  
 grotesque, life-weary figures  
 transfixed for a moment  
 in the beatific reflection,  
 content to worship and to die with day.

On a lifted horizon  
 a towering bulk, mass-black against the turquoise,  
 rises from a diffused, nebulous vapor—  
 the City.

Magnet-drawn, the speeding cars  
 desecrate the pastoral etching,  
 their human nuclei untouched—intent  
 upon their own fools' paradise  
 Miraged.

*Oklahoma*

—ALMA MIKESELL JEWELL

## Full Moon

What silver ichor from the soil of night  
 Has nurtured root and bud through many an hour  
 Of darkness that you blossom in the sky  
 So luminously now, O lovely flower?

Your petals spread no sweetness through the air;  
 They waft instead a soft assuaging light;  
 Their fragrance is the dream that comes to him  
 Who watches you unfold against the night.

*Illinois*

—ADELAIDE LOVE

## The White Feather

Captive of Fear, I step out  
Into the walled pear garden  
And find that Spring  
From some aerial height  
Has dropped a heron's plume  
Upon my fountain's rim.  
(Frail thrust at my lost valor).  
To prove disdain of ill  
I idly trail my fingers  
In the crystal pool.

*California*

—RENA SHEFFIELD

## Fragments

Dawn  
is a coral lipped virgin  
lying in gleaming  
pink nakedness  
upon a sapphire couch.

Noon  
is a jaded housewife  
with stringy hair,  
weeping futile tears  
upon a broken mirror.

Night  
is a perfumed siren  
with slitted eyes,  
wrapped tightly  
in her spangled velvet gown,  
a silver orchid  
on her breast.

*Alabama*

—PAUL STOUGH

## Quijotesque

In Spain a mad knight dreamed; though mocked  
 He rode for justice, vainly fought.  
 Yet they who laughed, went, spent themselves;  
 And dying, knew their conquest naught.

*Louisiana*

—RIE JARRATT

## Incognito

Her name falls upon the ear  
 With a dark and beautiful sound,  
 Like the lovely swish of pine needles  
 In winds that swiftly run  
 Before the heavy-dropping rains of Spring.

*Tennessee*

—ULRICA WHITAKER

## Night Fantasy

The moon is a crystal ball tonight,  
 And the stars are a chandelier,  
 The milky way is a witching trail,  
 And our love is the blue-domed sphere.

*Texas*

—BYRD FRIEND

## Today

Oh, let us be gay as long as we may!  
 Who knows what the morrow may bring?  
 Joy can not last, if we judge from the past—  
 To be happy today is the thing.

*District of Columbia*

—VIRGINIA BULLOCK-WILLIS

## Countin' Sleepy-Time Sheep

O my li'l Pickaninny,  
 Shet yo' shiney eyes,  
 De Mammy Moon iz watchin' you  
 Frum out de starry skies;  
 Thinkin' dat ef you wuz hern,  
 Wid yo' eyes so bright,  
 Two new stars would be a-shinin'  
 In de sky ternight.

Ef you wants ter stay wid me,  
 You better go ter sleep—  
 Cum on Sugah Baby, Mammy'll  
 Hep you coun' de sheep:  
 One, two, th'ee sheep  
 Jumpin' 'cross de stile—  
 Hyer's a li'l black lam'  
 Looks jes lak my chile—  
 Two, th'ee, fo' sheep  
 Jumpin' 'cross de stile—  
 White sh-e-ep, black she-e-p—  
 Sle-e-p, my Hon-ey Ch-i-le.

*Georgia*

—OLIVE HERTY LUCAS

## Dieting

Miss Mary passed the butler  
 Taking up a platter  
 With bacon, eggs and coffee  
 And food which makes one fatter.  
 "You know my Father's dieting"—  
 Her voice was stern but quiet—  
 "Law, dis here's Marster's brekfus'  
 He done et his diet!"

*Georgia*

—LAURA BOYD SHALLENBERGER



## Lines From A Diary

I gave a kiss to Peter,  
I gave my heart to Dan;  
And then I went and married  
A consequential man.

Now Peter is a bounder,  
And Dan a ne'er-do-well.  
"Oh, you're a lucky woman!"  
The neighbors like to tell.

But when I think of Peter  
And Dan, I feel a lurch—  
Like hearing circus music  
Along my way to church.

*Mississippi*

—LOLLY WILLIAMS

## Pear Tree in Blossom

The silver of the pear tree  
Quivers upward toward the sky  
And something catches at my heart  
And makes me cry. . .

*Kansas*

—ESTHER LOLITA HOLCOMB

## Final Lines

As one upon the beach alone  
Might query of the sea,  
Nor seek to shape an answer  
From its cold serenity;  
I send these final lines to you  
Across the lapse of words  
To beat against your silences  
Like tired homing birds.

*Montana*

—WILLIAM A. WHITE

(Continued from page two).

Mr. Eliot, to be sure, does not say this in so many words. Part of his method, and part of his charm, is that he says nothing in so many words. His criticism is as indirect and circumambulatory as his poetry; he is something of a symbolist even in disputation. His book, then, is chiefly a collection of hints, a series of adroit and elaborate ways he has taken to suggest something that is very important to him. What the thing itself is might be very difficult to say—as difficult, for instance, as the thing which a good poem all but says and never quite says. But it is something like this. Poetry is one of those valuable commodities of which we shall never know the price, or, for that matter, the exact use. It has always existed, and presumably it will always exist; and it is eminently worth thinking and talking about—indeed, it demands that we talk about it. But we must never be too sure that we understand its secret. And we must never assume that we know its function.

In its happiest periods poetry has been accepted for what it is—whatever it is. But in its less happy periods it has been nervously examined for its value. Mr. Eliot's lectures are among other things a historical sketch of such nervous examinations in England. For after two chapters on the criticism of Sidney and Dryden—men who discussed poetry rather purely as an art—he leaps into the true center of his discourse by inquiring how Wordsworth and Shelley discussed it. He reminds us that they found it to be something which could be employed to regenerate mankind—as, he admits, it may be, since poetry can be almost anything, and since it has been a different thing in every age of man thus far, as has the criticism which inevitably accompanies it. But the next step is more distasteful to him. It is the step that Matthew Arnold took when he, anticipating Mr. Richards, called upon poetry to save us from despair. After that Mr. Eliot confines himself to Mr. Richards. Not that he argues with him. He merely, by placing him at the end of a line whose direction has been downhill—well, merely places him; though he pauses to ask him what he means, and pauses once more to protest that all this is asking too much of poetry. To ask too much of it is to do it as much harm as to ask

too little, for it is to deny its limits and therefore its essence.

What its essence is Mr. Eliot nowhere attempts to state. In this he is wise, since it is so much better, if one can, to talk about poetry in such a way as to suggest its essence. Definitions of poetry are notoriously absurd, like definitions of love and death. They have a way of becoming either old fashioned or unintelligible almost as soon as they are uttered. Whereas discourse about poetry by a man who obviously knows it and lives by it and thinks exclusively about it is bound, if the man can write well, to survive the occasion of the discourse. The great critics have been of such a sort. We do not remember their definitions or their dogmas; but we remember how their voices sounded as they discussed the matter at hand, and we remember all kinds of things they said aside—smiling and interrupting themselves and explaining. Mr. Eliot has a style for poetry, and it is an excellent style. In the course of this book he fails to say what poetry is; but he says perhaps a hundred things that make us realize how well he knows what it is. And he says these things with the wit, the learning and the rich ease of one who has every right to be walking where he walks.

—O—

## The Strength of Beauty

"Samson was the strongest man"

(So the story goes)

But there is more strength, more power

In the petals of a rose

Than in the mightiest arm of man;

So was it when the world began,

So will it be when time is done

And gentle loveliness has won

The victory over life and death.

The silent color and the quiet breath

Of a rose mean more to man and God

Than shot and shell and blood-drenched sod;

And while we kneel in adoration of this flower

The Clock of God records the hour.

*Georgia*

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

# Visiting The Makers

WITH  
BEN MUSSER

MR. EDWIN MARKHAM, dean of American poets, on April 23 celebrated his eighty-second birthday anniversary, by preaching a sermon at All Souls' Universalist Church, Brooklyn, and by cutting a large cake at a party in his honor. *Good Housekeeping* has just published his new optimistic poem, "The Look Ahead." . . . Joseph Auslander has taken, as his second wife, Audrey Wurdemann, who recently won a lot of publicity when her John Day Co., book, *Bright Ambush*, was advertised as the lady's first. Somebody erred. Some years ago Harold Vinal published Miss Wurdemann's *The House of Silk*, which Braithwaite listed in his 1927 anthology. . . . That poetry and wine ever were friends, is exemplified by that admirable poet and critic, Shaemas O'Sheel, who has become representative of the Kluxen winery at Madison, N. J. . . . Edward Davison, the English poet who did yoeman work to make analyzed rhyme better known in America, has purchased a farm on the Hudson, where he and his American wife hope to raise their own provender. I said hope. If nothing springs up, at least hope springs eternal. . . . Clifford Gessler is off on a four or five months' cruise in the South Seas with a scientific expedition, on an eighty-foot sampan, and as he wrote me, "Though I can't afford to be away so long, I also can't afford to miss the chance of seeing islands that one can seldom get to: Pitcairn, Rapa, the Tuamotu." Even Cliff's usual habitat, Honolulu, is inaccessible to most of us. . . . J. Barclay Jackson, who has occasionally appeared in verse magazines, was married on April 14 to Miss Thelma Baker. Both are residents of Ben Hill, near Atlanta. . . . Carl Sandberg is quoted as saying that he became a poet (which is news to some of us) because he flunked the entrance exam in mathematics at West Point.

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, which meets at Bread Loaf, Vermont, the last two weeks of August, will accept free fellowships for promising writers during its 1934 session, the fellowships to be spon-

sored by any publishers, either of books or magazines, wishing to grant this privilege. On the teaching staff this year will be Hervey Allen, Gorham B. Munson, Julia Peterkin, Walter P. Eaton and several others. . . . Representative writers from forty countries will attend the twelfth International P. E. N. Congress, to be held in Edinburg and Glasgow, June 16-23. . . . Daniel Whitehead Hicky, of Atlanta, now in Italy, has been elected an Academy Member of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, succeeding the late Charles Phillips. . . . Mrs. Stevenson has succeeded Mrs. Heflebower as national president of the League of American Pen Women. . . . Lelia Rush (Mrs. T. D.) Kemp succeeds Zoe Kincaid Brockman as president of the North Carolina Poetry Society. . . . The Companions of Brendan is an Irish-American poetry society, with its "coracle" in New York under the presidency of A. M. Sullivan, Filé (Chief Poet). Anyone interested can write to him at 157 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Speaking of Ireland, Shane Leslie has concluded a series of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, the last being on "St. Patrick's Purgatory," which the poet calls "one of the three great medieval fairy-stories." . . . Carl Sandburg has been in Honolulu giving lectures sponsored by the University of Hawaii. . . . Constance Murray Greene, of Larchmont, N. Y., has been lecturing successfully to women's clubs, on modern poets and poetry. Mrs. Greene is the step-daughter of Henry Mills Alden, long editor of *Harper's*, and is a sister of Aline Kilmer. . . . Don Blanding, popular minor poet, postponed a trip to Hawaii to fill an eight-minute broadcast, from which he received \$150—more than better poets receive in eight months. . . . The University of Arkansas has conferred on John Gould Fletcher the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Your editor and Mrs. Melton made a triumphal journey north in April. Dr. Melton lectured, and read his poems, before poetry groups in North Carolina, at the National Capital, and in Baltimore. Edith Mirick gave a tea in his honor in Washington, among the guests Anne Robinson, Catherine Cate Coblentz, John Lee Higgins, Diana Powell, Inez Taylor, half a dozen others. The Meltons were at the poets' luncheon during the Penwomen's national convention. . . . A man named Henry Kissling, whom the reporters say is a Washington poet, has gone home to Oriole, Indiana, "where with rhyming phrases he intends to seek election as Representative on the Republican ticket." The reporters



add that "Mr. Kissling has been in Washington for the past two years writing poetry." Obviously the Republican party keeps its poets very much in the background, unheard of, at least until they've left Washington for points west. . . . Robert Benchley informs us that Jimmy Durante, who according to some people is a comedian, has been lifting Alfred Kreymborg's poems and giving them an entirely new twist, without actually altering the lines, this on the radio and in the movies and at night clubs. Kreymborg didn't intend his acrobatical verse to be bandied by comedians, and is said to have sued the man-with-a-nose for a hundred thousand. Benchley is of opinion that it is a mistake on Kreymborg's part to emphasize the fact that his most serious poetry can, with practically no changes at all, be used as excruciatingly funny material for the country's most stupendous mad-man. However, it's only a matter of time before G. Stein is parodied on every stage of the country. . . . But many poets delight in being obscure. Reminds me of the man, who, asking, "Did you understand all the points made by that eloquent speaker?" was answered: "I didn't try. That man is as smart as Einstein himself. You aren't supposed to understand him." . . . *The Yorkshire Post* thinks Alfred Noyes exaggerated when he declared that a sense of spiritual values has "almost vanished from contemporary literature" with the result that writers have "to fall back on mere animalism."

I earnestly urge every one of you to send a dollar to J. Graydon Jeffries, Hospital, Brazil, Indiana, for a copy of *Star-Gazer*. This is a biographical essay on the early life and handicap of the brilliant young poet (never mind the fact that I wrote it), followed by seventeen of "Jimmie's exquisite poems, the book further enriched by two photographs of the poet, in 1922 and 1934. J. Graydon Jeffries is almost completely paralyzed, and is slowly going blind. But his poems are imperishable. The book is very attractively hand set by Walter John Coates, and substantially bound. . . . The publishing house of Thomas Y. Crowell Co., celebrated in April its hundredth anniversary. The John C. Winston Co., is keeping its fiftieth anniversary. . . . Macmillan has brought out a collection of Clinton Scollard's selected lyrics, *The Singing Heart*, edited with a memoir by Mr. Scollard's widow, Jessie Rittenhouse. By the way, have you read J. R.'s *My House of Life* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) . . . The D'Aulaire illustrated *Lord's Prayer* (Doubleday, Doran,

\$1.75) comes in two editions, one Catholic and one Protestant. In either edition it is the only book I know of the entire text of which is shorter than the jacket blurb. . . . A rustle of wind is likely to stir things, when it becomes generally known that C. A. A. Parker announces a pay-as-you-enter anthology, *Threads and Tapestry for 1934*, despite the fact that the most magnificent anthology in recent moons was James Neill Northe's *Threads and Shadows of 1932-33*. And the Northe publication was distinctly not a cooperative venture. If editors and publishers have no protection in a case of this kind, at least readers should have the facts and judge accordingly. . . . Write to Walter John Coates, North Montpelier, Vt., for a copy of his "Book List for 1934" from his Driftwind Press. Excellent work. . . . And if you're lucky, you might be able to procure the first catalogue of sale books and rare items from the library of Curtis Hidden Page, Gilmanton, N. H. A most unusual catalogue, as fascinating as one could wish.

Judy Publishing Co., 3323 Michigan Blvd., Chicago, publisher of *Dog World Magazine*, offers annual awards for the ten best dog poems in English. . . . The Shelley Memorial Award, left by the will of Mary P. Sears, has been given for this year to Frances Frost and Lola Ridge, about \$800 being divided equally between the joint winners. The control of the fund is in charge of the Colony Trust Company of Boston; the prize is given on the basis of merit and promise. . . . William Kean Seymour thinks it significant that good books of poetic criticism should be more numerous today than good books of poetry. We seem to be more interested in talking about poetry than in achieving it. . . . Lilith Lorraine has a very interesting column of verse and comment, "Candle Flames," in the *Corpus Christi Caller*, Corpus Christi, Texas. . . . Tessa Sweazy Webb, whose "Voices and Echoes" has long been a feature column of reprints in the Columbus, Ohio, *Dispatch*, varies this once a month with a column of prose comment, "With the Poets." By the way, Mrs. Webb tells me that with the prize money she recently received from your magazine, she bought a boat which she appropriately named "Bozart" and is "crazy about it." . . . Have you seen *Agenda*, prose and verse, written and edited and printed by inmates of the Washington State Penitentiary? Walla Walla has something new in this little journal, and outsiders may share it with the prisoners: subscription is a dollar a year. . . . Leonard Twynham, managing editor of Frances

Frost's *American Poetry Journal*, announces that he is starting a new publication to present verse dealing with the American scene and character. It will appear quarterly and each issue will treat of a specific subject, such as New England, American Negro, West, South, War of Revolution, etc. This child of *American Poetry Journal* is to be called the *Yankee Poetry Journal*. We hope the two nearly similar titles will not cause confusion, though it seems Mr. Twynham is already confused, if he calls the Georgia or Alabama negro a "Yankee." Even we who live near Mason-Dixon line are careful to insist that only bean-fed New Englanders are really Yanks.

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, is to carve a 600-word summary of American history on the granite cliffs of Mount Rushmore, S. D., and the Hearst newspapers beg their readers (people who think) to submit MSS. Mr. Hearst kindly volunteers the word, that "The inscription will withstand the ravages of time for 1,600,000 years. . . Do not hurry your manuscript." In other words, your inscription need not Rushmore to the Mount. . . . Dr. William Albert Broder, former editor of *The Oracle* (subsequently merged with *Bozart*), spent the last days of April and the first of May with your correspondent in Washington. . . . The Catholic Poetry Society of America has lost two eminent poets: Sister Angelita died at Dubuque, on Easter Tuesday, after a lingering illness; Fr. Francis Burke, S. J. was buried from Georgetown University, April 9th. . . On January 31 Dr. Helen Gray Cone died; it was she who during the world war wrote the famous "Chant of Love for England." On February 1, Nora Archibald Smith, sister of Kate Douglas Wiggin and herself a prolific author of children's books, died. Both Dr. Cone and Miss Smith were members of the Poetry Society of America.

## PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

SHAWL OF SONG, by Grace Dupree Ridings. (Kaleidograph Press. \$1.50).

This is an attractive brochure significantly dedicated "To my Mother who wove for me a Shawl of Song." It contains 113 pages of lyrics, some of which are gems of mysterious dreams which will have appeal

for many who like poetry for its musical effects and the witchery of words.

**CHALLENGE**, by Camille Du Barry. (Caravan Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn.).

A first publication by a young California poet whose poetic thoughts hold promise of future accomplishment. While the themes for the most part are rather slight, they are well wrought and have both freshness and sincerity to recommend them.

**CHAPLET OF SANCTUARIES**, by Benjamin Musser. (The Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H. \$1.00 postpaid).

One has come to expect excellence from the prolific pen of Benjamin Musser and he has kept faith with his public. This little book of previously unpublished poems, fifty in number, needs a background of understanding and atmosphere that its full significance may be appreciated. The author, no doubt sensing this fact, has provided this necessity in a foreword which not only gives the *raison d'être*, but an adequate preparation for the reader who is unfamiliar with festivals, shrines and patron saints of the Catholic Church about which the themes of this book center. The format is pleasing and artistic.

**MYSTERIES OF EARTH**, by Margaret E. Bruner. (The Kaleidograph Press. \$1.50).

Taking her themes from widely varied experiences of life, the author has written with understanding and simplicity. She displays a thorough knowledge of the fixed form of verse, yet there is an elasticity of style in adapting theme to form which shows her a master of discrimination. Frequent reprints are a tribute to this poet's well deserved popularity.

**WITH LIPS OF RUE**, by LeGarde S. Doughty. (Kaleidograph Press. \$1.50).

"In the belief that present pessimism is synonymous with ultimate optimism, this book is dedicated to Human Beings." . . . Forty-three quatrains in a somewhat provocative strain make this little book easy to read and well worth the reading. Mr. Doughty is associate editor of *SHARDS* and edits a weekly poetry column in the *Augusta*, (Georgia) *Chronicle*.

**FOOL'S GOLD**, by Clyde Robertson. (Banner Press. \$2.00).

A most attractive format, the contents of which justify its appearance and both acclaiming the good taste and discrimination of the judges who awarded it the annual VERSECRAFT manuscript prize for 1934. Mrs. Robertson, who is the winner of numerous state and national prizes, portrays romantically and realistically the life in a Colorado mining



camp. The illustrations by her daughter, Sheila Burlingame, are an artistic achievement.

SHAPES WE KNOW, by Ethel Peters Reid. (The Galleon Press. \$2.00).

A first book by a young poet whose work shows a freshness and charm that holds the reader's interest. Her title poem, which is too

"Could it be that Time drives everything before  
long to quote in its entirety, ends with the poignant query:

And fleeing, crushes with his kindly paw  
The shapes we knew? Or could it be the tears  
Have spread a mist-like veil on yesteryears?"

CROUCHER BY THE FIRES, by Isidor Pywon. (The Galleon Press. \$2.00).

Original thoughts clothed in beautiful words make up this book, but the contents are entirely lacking in both rhyme and rhythm. Its black and gold cover is inviting, but one is not quite sure that it may be authentically labeled "poetry."

FOOTSTEPS ON THE EARTH, by Bonaro Wilkinson Overstreet. (Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00).

The author of THE POETIC WAY OF RELEASE is sure to win more admirers through the pages of her book of verse, of which she herself says, "a book for all of us who care to wonder about the strangeness of the commonplace." Mrs. Overstreet is equally skilled in both rhymed and free verse forms and her subject-matter is appealing in its variety. For example we quote:

"Song is man's brave inadequate answer  
To questions traced on long sand-beaches in phrases of foam—  
To questions scrawled by driven clouds on dark skies—  
To questions framed in the code of blinking stars."

FLAGSTONES AND FLOWERS, by Lida Wilson Turner. (Oglethorpe University Press. (\$1.00).

Combining facility of expression with whimsicality of thought, the author of this attractive first book has achieved a spontaneity and sincerity which is refreshing. Although the lyrics deal with a variety of subjects ranging literally from "cabbages to Kings," not once are they marked with obviousness either in rhyme or treatment. The format bears the usual stamp of artistry which characterizes the work of the Oglethorpe Press.

—MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO.

FIELD OF HONOR, by Sara Henderson Hay. (Kaleidograph Press, \$1.50.)

This is the book which, out of 207 entries in the Kaleidograph Book Publication Contest in Dallas, Texas, was selected as the prize winner.



It is a book of sincere verse and one that has the magic to make the reader have a delightful sensation of discovery as well as a kinship of feeling with the poet. How unfailingly she places her finger on significance behind fact and with directness of purpose brings it before the reader. Here is no cerebriic jargon to mislead and yet the cerebriic quality is present, too. In fact, the book is entirely satisfying to both poet and lay reader and each will watch with interest the future development of Miss Hay.

**FAR HORIZONS**, by Elizabeth Ashfield McCullough. (Dorrance and Company, Inc., Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia. \$1.25.)

The author of *Far Horizons* is in private life the wife of the explorer and geologist, J. Paul McCullough and her poems show that she is thoroughly familiar with the settings about which she writes. She faithfully and delightfully paints her poetic pictures. The book is divided into four parts: *Peking Pictures*, *Phillipine Fragments*, *Under the Southern Cross* and *Miscellaneous*. Lowell Thomas says, in part, "These scenes in rhythm of exotic lands swing along like changing scenes before a traveler's eyes, from the Great Wall to the Southern Cross."

**ROADS OF EARTH**, by Faith Van Valkenburg Vilas. (Dorrance and Company, Inc., \$1.50.)

There are times when a reviewer finds a volume of verse that, even after a second or third reading, he knows he will read again and yet again as the mood strikes him, and never be disappointed. Such a volume is this fourth book by Faith Van Valkenburg Vilas. Too many of the poems please one, so that it would be unfair to pick one poem to quote. In ballandry this poet excells, but not in balladry alone. One of the best things about this book is the way that certain poems suggest, without one word too much, that which goes beyond the scope of the poem. Her dramatic power, too, is a delight to the drama lover. And so we await another volume the while we give thanks for this one.

—MARY B. WARD

## Among Contributors

In this issue we are pleased to introduce to our readers our fellow-editors, Margaret Scott Copeland and Paul H. Oehser. "Sea-Ritual," page three, by Martha Lyman Shillito, won first honorable mention for free verse, in the national contest of Pen Women. Diana Powell, whose sonnet appears on page four, won first prize—for free verse—in this contest.

A copy of FLORIDA POETS (Miami Press Anthology) is offered by Etta Josephean Murfey for the quatrain in the May-June issue receiving the highest number of votes from readers.

Sara Virginia Buckley offers a copy of her SHIPS SPRAY as a prize for the best lyric published in BOZART this year—she to be the judge.

Helen Harriet Salls offers a copy of her PENSIVE CITADELS for the lyric published in BOZART during 1934, best expressing the spirit of universal brotherhood. The donor to be the judge.

Florence Wilson Roper, Petersburg, Virginia, offers an autographed copy of her book, A KISS FOR JUDAS, for the poem she likes best in the July-August issue of this magazine.

